

## From Stone to Smiles by frnkxo

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**Genre:** Established Relationship, Fluff, Gen, Just a lot of cute, M/M, Snowball Fight, Winter

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**Summary:**

It's Billy's first time experiencing snow, and thus, his first snowball fight.

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### Author's Note:

- For [noxfun](#).

Prompt from <https://harringroved.tumblr.com/post/167168419277/harringrove-headcanons-4-i-donated-blood>

First of all, snow was just as bad as Billy expected it to be. It was freezing and fucking *everywhere* and it made the air feel like shards of glass when he tried to *breathe*. Snow was bullshit. Winter was bullshit. Hawkins was bullshit. If it were up to Billy, he'd hibernate for the rest of winter.

Second of all, as if the first thing weren't bad enough, Steve had to babysit today. Normally, Billy would just leave that up to Steve and stay home where it was nice and warm. But unfortunately, he really missed his boyfriend. Which was another bullshit thing because it was Saturday and they *just* saw each other yesterday at school. Billy could feel himself getting soft and he really didn't know how to cope with it.

But as it turns out, Steve missed Billy, too. That was good for Billy in the sense that he didn't have to seem overly eager to hang out with Steve while he was babysitting. He could sit back and let Steve ask him, maybe even beg a little bit, to hang out while he was doing his job.

Admittedly, Billy knew he was being ridiculous. It really didn't matter if he came across as being overly eager. But he couldn't stop himself from caring.

Either way, he'd been at Steve's for about ten minutes and he was already regretting coming over. Apparently every kids' parents in the entire neighborhood wanted to go out, and thus Steve was left watching every single one of the little shits. Mike, Lucas, Will, Dustin, even Max. Really, Billy hated that he even knew their names. He was trying to warm up to them for Steve's sake, but it was hard to warm

up to things when the temperature outside was below zero.

"Steve, can we go play in the snow?" Dustin came up and asked, the rest of the kids surrounding him. Billy would've bet money that they drew straws to see who had to ask. He especially would've bet money if it meant he could stay cuddled under the blanket with Steve.

"Please? It's perfect for making snowmen and Max has never made one before!" Lucas added. Billy tried not to roll his eyes.

"Sure," Steve answered, and Billy already knew what was coming after that. His boyfriend's smile gave it away. "Why don't we all go out?" Fuck.

"It's negative one million degrees outside, you little shi-"

"Billy," Steve immediately chastised, not allowing Billy to finish.

He sighed and rolled his eyes, snuggling further into the blanket. "Can we just stay in?" he asked desperately. "I won't even complain if you guys watch that stupid Christmas movie again."

"A Christmas Story is *not* stupid." Dustin argued, but Billy really didn't have the energy to fight back.

"Okay, well, you can watch your not-stupid movie in the house where it's warm."

"*Steve!*" all the kids whined in unison, creating a sound that made Billy's ears bleed.

"Sorry, Billy, but *I'm* the babysitter here and *I* say it's about time to go have some fun in the snow." Steve smiled smugly. Billy kept his frown glued in place.

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Coats were useless. Billy was sure he'd be just as much of an icicle if he wasn't wearing a coat. But he was wearing a coat and he was still freezing. It was bullshit. Snow and winter and Hawkins and bullshit. And kids. Kids were bullshit, too. They'd already had a snowman building competition and since everyone had a partner, they made Billy be the judge. He told them that snowmen were stupid and didn't even look like men made of snow. But they forced him to pick one, so he ended up choosing Mike and Will's snowman. He couldn't give Max the satisfaction of picking her's and Lucas's, and he was still bitter with Steve, so his and Dustin's snowman was as good as dead. If snowmen were alive, that is. Which they aren't.

After they got bored of building snowmen and knocking them down (which Billy would've also enjoyed but was too busy frowning and crossing his arms to participate), they started making snow angels. Snow angels were even more pointless than snowmen. Why lay down in freezing cold snow, just for it to soak into your clothes? Then after that, it just melts or gets filled in when it snows again. Billy really couldn't see the fun in any of that. So he stood there, bored and turning into an ice sculpture, waiting for the kids to want to go back in.

Just as he was about to break and ask Steve to make them go in, something hard and cold hit him in the face. For a second he thought he was dead. His eyes were squeezed shut, his face bunched up as it went numb. Slowly, he opened his eyes to see all the kids staring at him. Each one of them was holding snowballs and each of them had a scared look on their face.

Someone had hit him with a snowball. Someone had really good aim. And by the smug smile on Will Byer's face, Billy was one hundred percent sure it was him.

Billy didn't hesitate any longer to reach down and take snow into his hands, something he never thought he'd do at the beginning of the day, and packed it together tightly. All the kids screamed and ran. Will hid behind a wall made of snow, forcing Billy to target someone else. Mike's dark hair contrasted with the white snow, making him stand out, and Billy didn't wait another second to hurl the snowball at him.

It broke satisfyingly against Mike's coat and Billy felt a bit of anger leave him at the sight of it.

"You'll pay for that!" Mike yelled as he ducked behind another snow obstacle.

Before Billy could retort, Steve pulled him behind a different heap of snow.

"Wanna be partners?" Steve questioned, one of his eyebrows raised in a way that made Billy have to stop and admire his face for a few extra seconds.

"Yeah... Yeah, sure. Partners."

Billy didn't know how much time had passed and he couldn't have guessed. All he knew was that by the time they were all tired out, the sun was on the other side of the sky and it was nearly time for the kids to get picked up.

Billy fell back into the snow, breathing heavily and *sweating* from the amount of running he'd been doing. Sweating. In winter. In Hawkins. The thought was so ridiculous that he couldn't stop the laughter that started bubbling out of him. The longer and harder he laughed, the funnier it got, and then suddenly he wasn't laughing at anything at all. It felt nice.

When he finally calmed down enough to open his eyes and look around, everyone was staring at him again. This time, in shock, like they couldn't believe he was capable of laughter. Even Steve was staring at him, though he had a stupid grin on his face, like he was witnessing something beautiful.

"What?" Billy asked defensively, the smile leaving his face. The moment was over.

Steve crossed his arms, smug expression on his face once again. "You should come babysit with me more often."

For once, Billy wasn't repulsed by the idea. In fact, he was actually

kind of excited for it. As long as there was enough snow around the  
hurl at the little shits when they got annoying.